

VOLUME II.

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IS OLD B— IN LOVE WITH THIS LADY?
OH, NO! HE IS THANKING HER IN HIS HEART OF HEARTS FOR HAVING JILTED HIM ABOUT
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.



VOL. II. DECEMBER 6TH, 1883. NO. 49.

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"IT really appears that I spread myself a little too prematurely on that Thanksgiving proclamation. I take it all back."—*Butler.*

* * *

MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS was late at the meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club, Saturday evening; but as he had Elder BOSS DICKERSON in tow, the secretary remitted the usual fine. It was confidentially learned that the Elder had just received \$17.50 on an extensive kalsomining contract, and was probably good for as much more, and as Mr. WILLIAMS had already played with the deck of cards now upon the table, and Mr. RUBE JACKSON had consented for a small percentage not to play, but to sit in a sociable way behind the Elder's chair, the game promised to be one of extraordinary interest.

Having been introduced to the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, Mr. GUS JOHNSON, and Professor BRICK, the Elder shucked off his ulster, produced a corpulent wallet, purchased \$1.79 worth of blues and reds, and opened up the game with an expression of determination and a thumping blind, which made the excitable Mr. JOHNSON's eyes stand out like those of an apoplectic crab. Seven hands were played, and as Mr. JACKSON, who sat behind the Elder, had evidently forgotten the code of signals to the extent that he winked with his right eye when he should have winked with his left, Mr. WILLIAMS was already out ninety-seven cents, and was correspondingly mad.

At last, however, Mr. JACKSON was made aware of his error by a searching kick delivered beneath the table, and a new deck, which had been thoughtfully placed on ice by the Rev. Mr. SMITH before the company assembled, was produced. It was Mr. JOHNSON's deal, and the Elder's blind.

Everybody came in.

The Elder raised the blind 65 cents.

The decisive moment had come.

"I rise dat rise a dollar," said the Rev. THANKFUL SMITH, with the calmness of one who expects to fill a bobtail.

"I sees yo' dat, and I liff yo' a dollar mo'," ventured Mr. WILLIAMS.

"I calls," said the Elder.

Mr. SMITH also called, and the three proceeded to draw cards. Mr. WILLIAMS wanted two cards; the Rev. Mr. SMITH guessed he'd take one, and the Elder concluded to play what he had.

Mr. SMITH led out with a two dollar stack. Mr. WILLIAMS slowly pulled out a corpulent wallet, fixed a belligerent glare apparently on Mr. SMITH, banged the wallet heavily on the middle of the table, and said impressively:

"I goes yo' dat two, an' six dollars rise."

"I rise yo' six," said the Elder, but without putting up chips.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH dropped out. Mr. WILLIAMS pointed to the wallet and said:

"I goes yo' six mo'."

The Elder raised one foot, and placed it neatly on top of Mr. WILLIAMS' wallet, and said:

"I rises dat ten."

"Whar's de money?" inquired Mr. WILLIAMS, with a polite smile.

"Whar's yo' money?" retorted the Elder, as sweetly.

Mr. WILLIAMS pointed to the wallet underneath the Elder's heel.

"Dat's all right, den," said the Elder: "I'se got jess as much leather on dis yar table as yo' has."

"Whad yo' mean by dat?" asked Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Put up er shet," said the Elder.

Mr. WILLIAMS drove his knife through his cards, pinning them to the table, and called out the Rev. Mr. SMITH for a consultation. The Elder thoughtfully whistled a tune, drew a razor, and seemed to be trying its edge on the surface of his bottom card. Mr. JACKSON watched Mr. WILLIAMS' hand to see that nothing got away, and Mr. JOHNSON kept his eye on the pack.

Mr. WILLIAMS returned triumphantly, and counted out thirty dollars, which he had evidently borrowed from Mr. SMITH.

"I calls," he said.

The Elder put up his razor, shook \$29 out of the wallet, made up a dollar more with mutilated coin, some pennies and a postage stamp, and said briefly:

"Whad yo' got?"

"Fo' kings," said Mr. WILLIAMS with a deadly gleam in his eye.

"Not good," said the Elder.

"Wha—whad?" faltered Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Fo' aces." With this the Elder showed four aces swept the pot into his hat and left the room. The five sat dazed.

"I done guv him three aces an' two trays, sho," said Mr. JOHNSON.

"I put dat han' up mysif," asseverated Mr. SMITH, bewildered.

"I seed bofe dem trays in he hand," observed Mr. JACKSON.

Mr. WILLIAMS said nothing, but silently examined the Elder's hand. Finally he inquired hoarsely:

"Did he hev a razzer?"

"Yezzah," said Mr. JACKSON; "he done play with he razzer de whole time yo' was uten de room."

Mr. WILLIAMS rose with a withering look, and put on his coat.

"Whad's de madder, Toot?" inquired Mr. SMITH; "How yo' splain hit?"

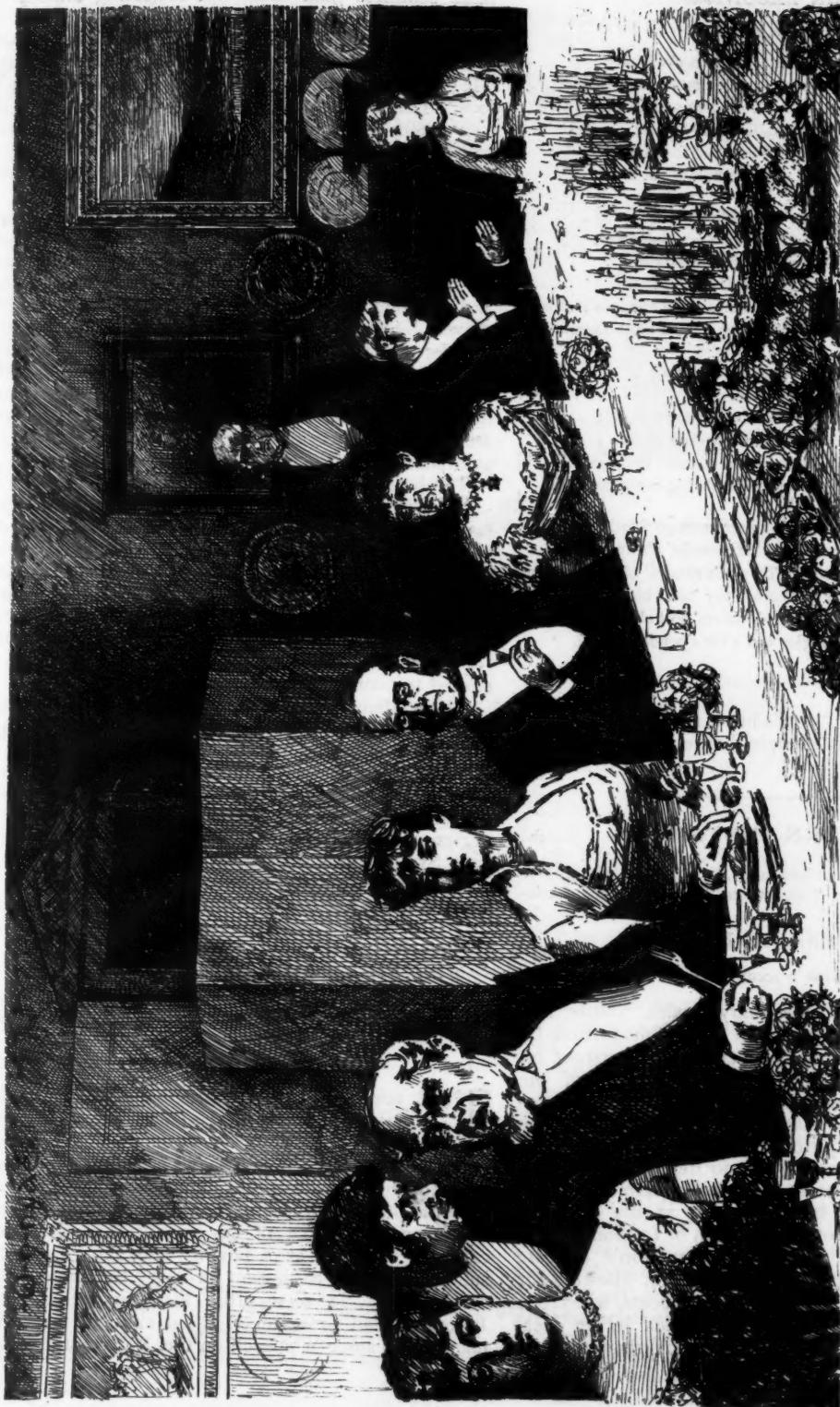
Mr. WILLIAMS pointed to the ace of diamonds, lately in the Elder's hand. "Gin any niggah de tray er diamonds an' a razzer an' tree aces, and whad kin fo' kings do? Gwuffum heah. He done played me uten thirty dollars on er scraped tray. Dad's what makes me 'spise pokah."

With this, Mr. WILLIAMS left the room.

* * *

"YOU must really excuse the expression of disdain I wear.

I really cannot help it, and after you have set me up on Bedlam's Island I will try and forget your meanness."—*Liberty.*



TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES.

Footman (in a whisper to Mr. Doubledollar): MRS. DOUBLEDOLLAR WANTS YOU, SIR, TO FINISH YOUR FISH AS QUICK AS EVER YOU CAN AND NOT TO ASK FOR A THIRD HELPIN'.

CABIN LACONICS.

BY BRUDDER ROMULUS.

LIES offen ride wile de trufe goes a-walkin';
Teamin' prices high when de muel am a-balkin';
Lazy rooster struttin' wile de ole hen a-layin';
Colic mighty bad in de middle ob de hayin';
Sowin' mus' be done 'fo' we cum' to de reapin';
An' de fool jars de nes' whar de hornet am a-sleepin'.

Dus' allus flies as de win' am a-blowin';
Chicken-roos' safes' when de moon am a-showin';
Wise man wuckin' when de leabs am a-fallin'.
Cow mighty skittish when de calf am a-bawlin';
Tough han's de bes' when it comes to de choppin';
An' de bait's mighty skerse when de fish am a-floppin'.

Little fish bite wile de big fish am shuin';
Little fish big fish a'ter de lyin';
'Gaiter fas' ersleep wile de little darkey peepin';
'Gaiter wide erwake an' de little darkey sleepin';
High-up 'simmons toughes' when it cum to de eatin';
An' de debbil prays de loudes' at de big camp-meetin'.

Fresh eggs sinkin' wile de rotten ones go floatin';
Darkey man an' brudder on de mawnin' ob de votin';
Dinah heap de sweetes' wile she's roastin' ob de possum;
Roses lose dar color 'side a healthy tater blossom;
Coarse woold sheep make de faires' sort ob mutton;
An' a nickel offen jingles wid a tin s'pender button.

BACON thinks that "life's but a span." So it is for married people, but it's single harness for bachelors, beyond a doubt.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

[The author begs leave to inform Mr. W. D. Howells that there are a thousand and one "modern instances;" this one, for instance.]

CHAPTER I.

"He knuckled a nickel with 'n accurate knack."—*Acy Sunburn.*

BURDENED with hereditary wealth, Nature had consoled Jack Sympleton for this misfortune by giving him no brains whatsoever, which oversight on her part had never been remedied in spite of the efforts of Mr. Sympleton, sire, and various college professors. It was found that there was no degree worthy of Sympleton's acquirements, and conversely his acquirements were worthy of no degree. Nevertheless the young gentleman admirably harmonized his natural abilities with his occupation in life and followed the profession of a gentleman of fashion.

Twenty-five years had seen Sympleton's delicate hands cased in his trousers pockets, not allowing for the period he was sheltered in petticoats, when one bright poetic spring day he was struck by an idea. The shock was so unexpected that it rendered him

more senseless than usual, but collecting himself he calmly reflected:

"Yes! it must be, old man!" he said, addressing himself to the mirror, as he carefully knotted his tie. "It must be. You're in love, old fellow; you're in love. Let me congratulate you," and he shook his own hand with delight. "But hold on," he said, pausing, a little discomfited at his own exuberancy. "Here's a pretty go. Who the devil are you in love with—eh?"

A natural question for a man of Sympleton's attractions, surrounded by objects of ready-made love and beauty; a natural question in our days of cheap manufacture, when beauty lies within reach of the poorest, and the rouge-pot and powder-brush are as freely employed by Joan the cook as my lady. I do not wish to infer that Mr. Sympleton was in love with the cook. Far from it. The gentleman certainly had sound ideas concerning the desirability of domestic virtues in woman, but he did not seek them in the exaggerated stage reached in his cook. But we neglect the gentleman.

The hesitation was only momentary.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, and meditatively extracted a coin from his silken purse. "Deucedly awkward for a fellow like me to have to choose from so many, though. Let's see. There's Virginia Columbine—and Hebe Coy, and—what's her name?—oh! Diana Bluestock. That's enough to start with. Flip's the word. Head's for Virgie and tail's for Hebe. Tail it is! That's Hebe," he said, as he chased the coin across the room.

"Now, then, once more. Head's for Miss Bluestock. By Jove, she's got me," he said, examining the coin and finding it in favor of Diana.

"She knows a lot of things—she knows Latin and Greek—but she can't do her own hair," he soliloquized; but this latter objection seemed of minor importance in the eyes of his consuming passion, and Jack Sympleton never trusted to his own judgment in any matter whatsoever, for he knew that Fate or Chance could not be so blind as he.

CHAPTER II.

"And what do you propose, sir?"—"To marry you, madam, that is my proposal."

Old Play. (Author unknown.)

THE same afternoon Sympleton drove up to Mr. Bluestock's residence and was quickly ushered into the parlor.

Mr. Bluestock, be it said by way of explanation, had not enough of the public's confidence or dollars to hold the position of president of a bank or director of a railroad; the fame of his grandfather had been carefully inverted at a paying rate and returned a sufficient income to support even the third and fourth generations. It seems that his grandfather, John Bluestock had pronounced in our national legislature many years since a speech on the "Domestic Manu-



The fashion of chaining dogs together and allowing them to run at large is a very pretty one, but there are some people who see no beauty in anything.

facture of Putty and the Prohibition of its Foreign Importation," which masterly speech had engaged him in that famous controversy with the Hon. Philocletus Ringtail, of Louisiana; Johns Bluestock, 2nd, his son, had increased the family glory by editing his father's memoirs, in which it was related how the original Johns Bluestock, when a mere schoolboy, was addicted to putty, which, employed in conjunction with a long tin tube, he used much to the discomfiture of his school-master's bald head; and Johns Bluestock, 3rd, had issued a second edition of these memoirs, with supplementary chapters, showing what the school-master had done to his grandfather to destroy the boy's growing passion for putty; and finally Miss Diana Bluestock had fertilized the family renown by the recent publication of a sonnet, "On Death and Mumps," in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, but as yet she had done nothing in the putty line.

Miss Bluestock had scarcely saluted Sympleton before he began fire.

"Miss Diana, let us be plain spoken," said he. "I wish to marry you."

"My dear Mr. Sympleton, it's very natural you should. You exhibit symptoms of a taste superior to that of most men." This was undoubtedly true, for in spite of five year's penal servitude to the idea of enter-

ing upon matrimony, no other man had ever expressed the same desire in her hearing.

"I have n't much brains," continued Jack.

"I didn't accuse you of having any at all," replied Diana. "You are undeniably a most perfect and absolute fool."

"I know I'm a fool, Miss Diana, but I'm not such a fool as not to know I'm a fool, Miss Diana. But the case is this," he went on. "I have too little brains and too much money—an embarrassing position."

"A most embarrassing concatenation of events, indeed. An *embarras de richesse*," said Miss Diana.

"What a pretty name that was! You'll call me that when we're married," spoke the ingenuous millionaire, for he was not shrewd enough to see, that, like most of her race, Miss Diana Bluestock was never so English as when she spoke French.

"What I want you to do is to help me spend my money," Jack began again.

"Oh, then, you'll buy me a newspaper, so that I can get all my verses published, and I'll have a real *salon* with rising poets for lions, and we'll talk literature, the soul shall soar—" she might have continued, but Sympleton stopped her.

"And in return can you do nothing for me? Nothing to make me great?" he whined, almost piteously.



"You can let your hair grow," she said. "Many a bigger fool than you has been judged clever from the mere length of his locks. But better still, that you should shine by reflected glory—you shall be my husband."

Jack was so overwhelmed by the magnanimity of this proposal, that he carefully spread out his handkerchief on the carpet and sinking upon it with one knee, reverentially raised Diana's hand to his lips, and rising, he took his farewell, well satisfied with his success in love-making and the propitious manner in which Chance had abetted him.

CHAPTER III.

In the "Literary News," two months later, appeared the following paragraph:

"On Thursday last was married Miss Diana Blue-

A WINTER SERENADE.

I 'M awfully bold,
For it's very cold
To be singing under your winder;
O the wind doth blow,
And in drifting snow
I am singing to you, Belinda!

But I greatly fear
That you do not hear,
And I wish that I knew the reason.
Does my voice seem lost
Amid all the frost,
And can I be crowding the season?

But I see the trouble—
Your window is *double*!
And I might as well serenade Nero!
So homeward I 'll slink,
And hot ginger drink,
For it's ten degrees below zero!

ROLAND KING.

WHAT is the difference between a lawyer and an Irish agitator? A lawyer makes money with other people's quarrels, and an agitator makes quarrels with other people's money.

A MAN WITH A NATURAL BENT.—A hunchback.

FOND OF "PUT-UP JOBS."—An architect.

THE RELIGION OF THE CROSS.—To grumble.

THE PINCH OF POVERTY.—Snuff.

Is Peruvian bark as bad as its bite?

A GOOD NAME FOR A SLEEPY GAME.—"Nap."

A SLOW TRADE.—Pottery.

stock, great grand-daughter of Johns Bluestock, who made the greatest speech ever pronounced on the importation of foreign putties; grand-daughter to Johns Bluestock, 2d, the author of the *Memoirs* of the preceding gentleman; and daughter to Johns Bluestock, 3d, the author of *Supplementary Chapters*. Miss Bluestock was married to a Mr. John Sympleton, a *nincompoop*."

And in the "Financial Gazette," of the same date, this paragraph:

"On Thursday last were joined in wedlock, a bank account of \$250,000, the half of the Scarecrow Gold Mine, Limited; 500 shares in the N. Pacific R. R.; 100 shares in the Evergreen Street Paving and Steam Heating Company, and numerous other investments, all of which property is attached to the body of Mr. John Sympleton, to the person of Miss Diana Bluestock, a young lady of no figure whatsoever."

L. VAN NECK.



"POEMS IN PROSE."

BY IVAN TURNHIMOFF.

THE BLOCKHEAD.—Once upon a time there was a blockhead. He lived for a long while contented and happy, until it came to his ears that he was considered a brainless fool. He determined to give the lie to the rumors by becoming a critic. So he purchased a musical dictionary and a dress suit, and a great daily paper decided that he had all the qualifications to represent it at the opera. He liberally puffed the tenor, soprano and the manager's cigars. The advertisement in the amusement column was immediately increased in size, and the critic had his reward (tickets for friends in the row next the bass-drum). And now his poor relations respect him and tremble before him.

THE SPHINX.—Yellowish, gray, complete—a symphony in colored plaster and Stratena cement—A beautiful harmony of unrelated parts ! "What do these thick, projecting lips wish to say ?—these broad spreading nostrils, and these eyes, these long, half-sleepy, half-observant eyes, under the double curve of their high brows ? They have indeed something to say ! They even say it ! " Hark ! " I am a Cypriote antiquity." Even so, Ædipus Cesnola.

THREE are pretty verses among "Stray Chords" by Julia R. Anagnos, notably those on Hawthorne and a Greek vase, and there are many pages which cannot rise above the level of rhymed prose. It is a satisfaction to read in an ode to Truth that the author "drinks of thy crystal goblet" and "bathes in thy silver stream," but one is compelled to have doubts of the strength of the beverage and thoroughness of the ablutions when he reads that she looks into the sky and wonders why she cannot "pluck a star and wear it on my breast." As a matter of fact, we believe that a star would be unwieldy and uncomfortable, either as an ornament or a chest protector.

IN the eyes of many benevolent people it will be considered a great defect in Mrs. James T. Fields' book on "How to help the Poor" that she does not explain how a worn-out suit of clothing or a fermented jar of Marmalade can be made to shine with the glory of true charity in the midst of a home-missionary box.

AMONG the newest books is a translation into blank verse and rhyme of "The Odes of Horace" by Henry Hubbard Pierce, an adjutant of the Twenty-first Infantry, who dates his preface at Vancouver Barracks, Washington Sq. The book was written during the "active routine of military service."

SHAKSPEARE'S accurate use of technical legal terms is portrayed in a little book by F. F. Heard, entitled "Shakespeare as a lawyer."

TWO books will be heartily welcomed by lovers of gentle and refined humor : Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "Nights with Uncle Remus" and the joint production of Mr. Howells and his daughter, "A Little Girl among the Old Masters." The sketches by the little girl are often pretty and always original and amusing. Her father's comments are slyly humorous.



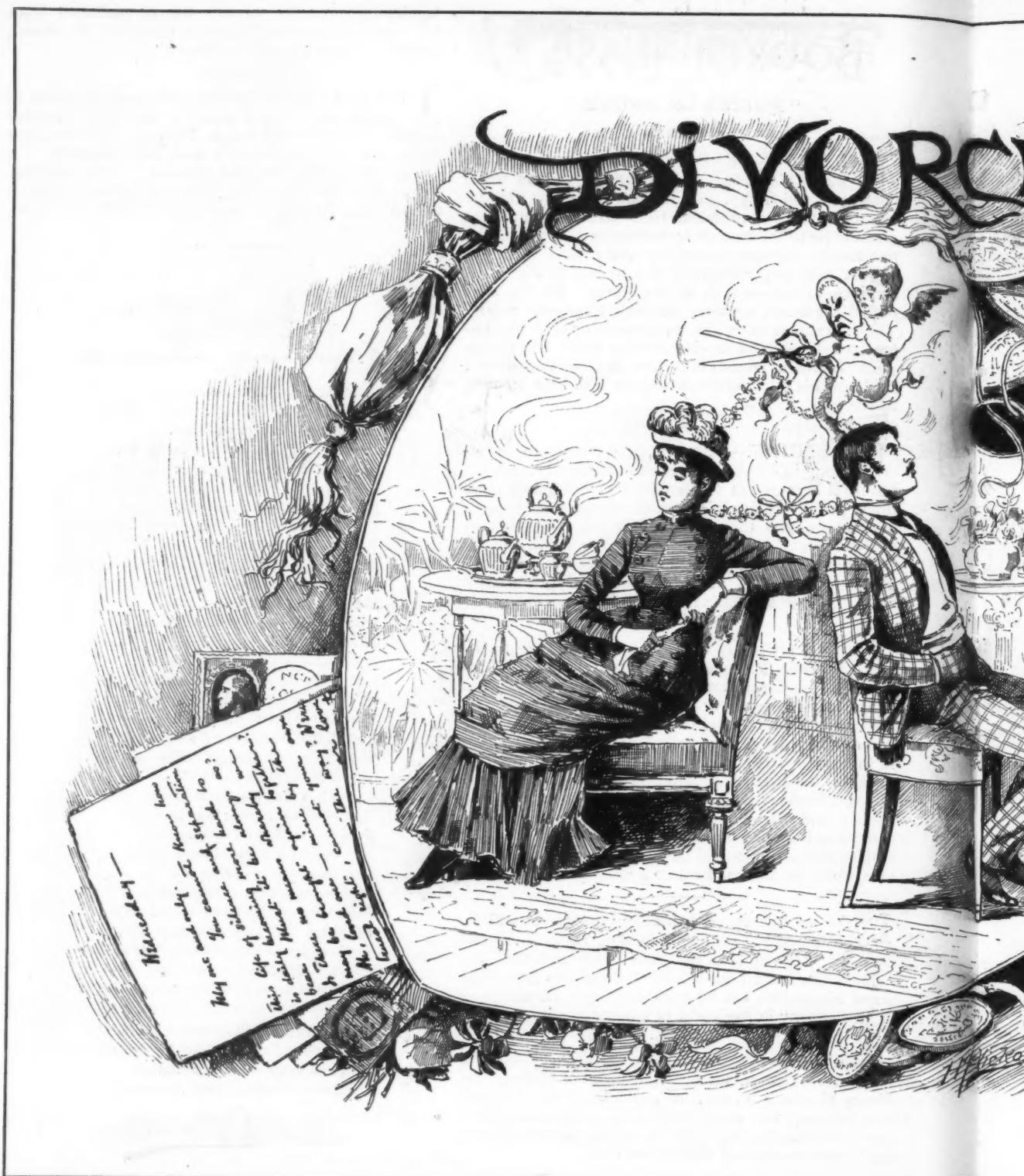
"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

SO you're the Miss I used to know
When I was twenty? You were one,
And that was twenty years ago.
Lord! How these sinful years do run.
I used to take you on my knee
And kiss you, for your mother's sake.
But now—hm!—yes, dear me, dear me,
The times have changed and no mistake.
I used to love your sister Kate?
What nonsense! Well, perhaps you're right.
But she—you see she would n't wait.
She did n't treat me fairly, quite.
I really think she might have tarried
As long as I remained alive;
But no—she basely went and married,
And joined the matrimonial hive.
And now she has two lovely boys
That fill her heart with joy and ache,
And all the neighborhood with noise.
Well, times have changed and no mistake.
So you're the girl I used to kiss—
Ah yes! I mentioned that before.
"T is strange our boons we never miss
Until the 've gone for evermore.
And that reminds me of some fancies,
That seemed so *adpropos* to you,
Of dawning beauty, waking glances,
Blush rose-buds fresh with morning dew,
The virgin day's eyes—that is, daisies,
Youth, buds—and all that sort of thing—
O Lord! My brain in such a maze is—
Here—won't you wear this diamond ring?

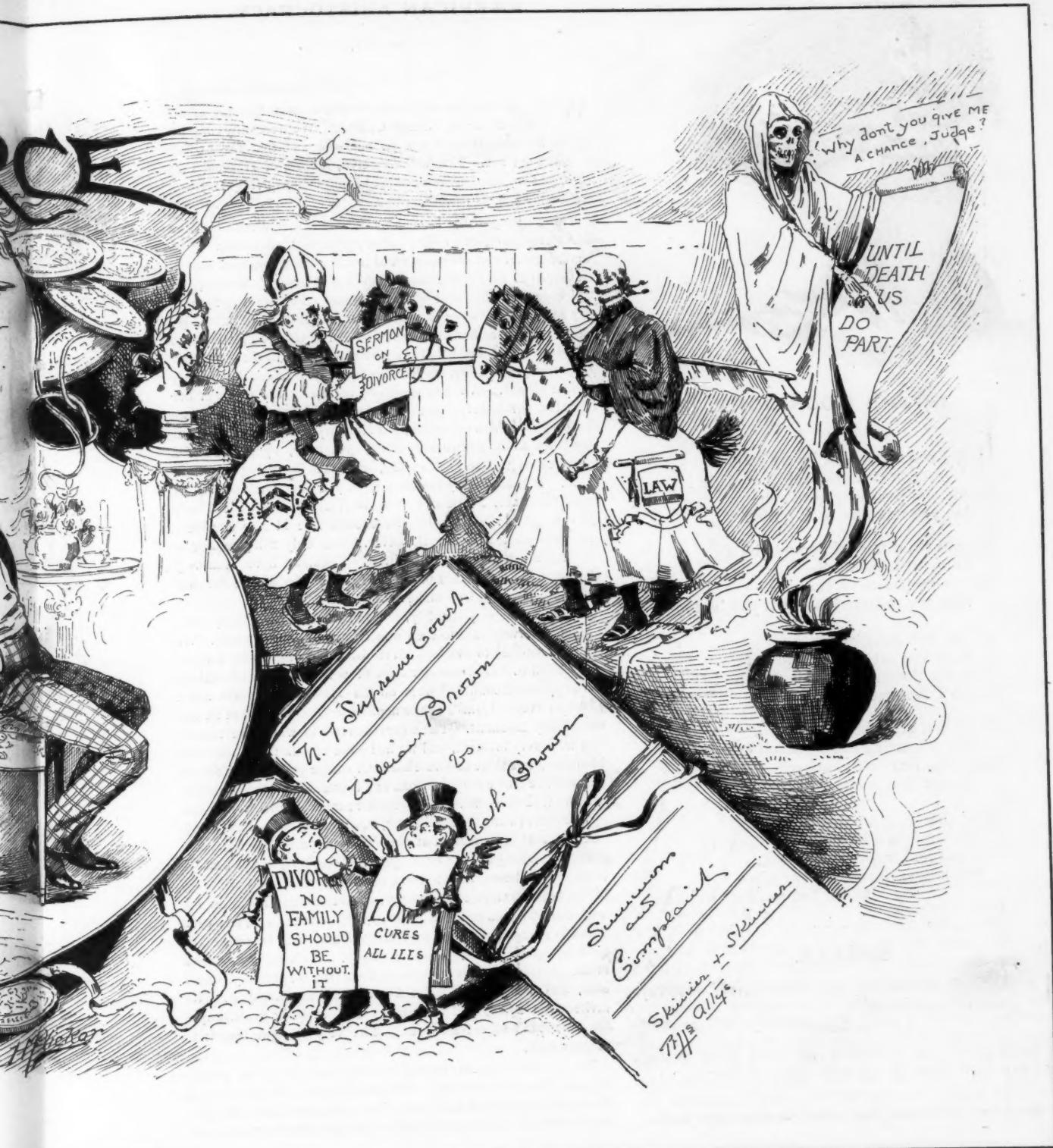
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Engaged to him? That callow youth?
Well! Oh my heart's too old to break;
But I will swear one solemn truth—
Times have changed; badly, no mistake.





LIFE



OF PASSING EVENTS.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. XI.

"My country, 'tis of thee!"
—Misunderstood and obsolete song.



IN THE MOONLIGHT.

PANTOUM.

DO you know how lovely you are
As you sit in the soft moonlight?
While you pensively gaze afar;
Are you unaware of it quite?

As you sit in the soft moonlight,
To me it is manifest—
Are you unaware of it quite—
That the pensive look suits you best?

To me it is manifest—
Have you often been told before
That the pensive look suits you best?
Am I the first one to adore?

Have you often been told before
How charming are upturned eyes?
Am I the first one to adore?
Do you find it quite a surprise?

How charming are upturned eyes;
Do you know how lovely you are?
Do you find it quite a surprise,
While you pensively gaze afar?

ALICE TRUMBULL LEARNED.

SHELLS.

IN political conventions, the "dark horse" is always
a sort of night-mare.

SOME people are so modest that even their wounds
are mortified when the surgeon looks at them.

THE best fishermen like to fish on their own hook.

WE were all of us very much mortified last Monday at the uprising of the LOWER CLASSES. We were only consoled by the fact that Heaven was on our side and that the LOWER CLASSES got wet. This was very civil, indeed, of Heaven, I am sure, and we all of us remembered it on Thanksgiving Day—re-turned the call, as it were.

This uprising of the LOWER CLASSES was a deliberate insult to us ARISTOCRATS, under the shallow pretense of patriotism. For a hundred years we have endeavored to atone to our own dear MOTHER COUNTRY for the offensive conduct of "George" Washington, "George" Clinton, and other notorious rebels on the 25th of November, 1783, when they drove the MOTHER COUNTRY's sons into the sea, tore down the sacred banner of GREAT BRITAIN, and nailed the odious symbol of the LOWER CLASSES to the staff. For a hundred years, I say, we have endeavored to efface the memory of that affront. We have shown by blazoning the crests of our ENGLISH forefathers upon our coupes and stationery, that we devoutly owe them reverence, and are sorry for having cut off our succession to their illustrious titles. We have, by the aid of a good deal of tact and some lying, succeeded in getting up a Blue Book. It is not a very big Blue Book yet, but it takes after its papa, the BLUE BOOK OF GREAT BRITAIN, and if we can only get it to grow, it will in time be enough like him to deceive a stranger—particularly in the cover. The only thing to fear is that too 'much nursing will kill it. Then, we have been very obsequious to ENGLISH LORDS and LADIES who have come over to "do" the country, make money, or economize. Some of them treated us very shabbily, too, but we were as humbly blind to that as servants are to their master's paroxysms of wrath. We were determined to overlook all snubs and do the polite thing—and we did it. Last summer some of us invited an ENGLISHMAN to our splendid country homes on the Hudson. He was not a LORD or even a LORD's son or nephew or first cousin, but he was undeniably ENGLISH. The entertainments to which we invited him were very brilliant, and we had some of our finest and best bred daughters there to amuse him. Of course we expected that he would be civil enough to dress and conduct himself as he would were he at HOME. We were somewhat surprised when he made his appearance in a brindle cheviot suit, considerably stained and dusty, and persisted in wearing it at dinner, lawn party, luncheon and musicale, as long as he was our guest. Moreover, he was brusque to our best friends, rude to some of our relatives, snubbed many of our most desirable acquaintances, and in four instances not only studiously omitted the ceremony of a dinner call, but even failed to recognize the host and hostess who had extended him the hospitality. But we were not angry. We knew away down in our small hearts that while he is ENGLISH, we are only Americans, and we knew that he knew that we knew it. We invited him again, and he came. But suppose a contemptible American had so treated us? The very thought invests us in gooseflesh.

Yes, we have done everything in our power to obtain pardon for our offense of 1776-1783. We have left no stone unturned. Even our daughters, whom we so jealously guard from the ignoble workers of our miserable nation, we give freely, with a for-

tune, to ENGLAND's paupers—provided only that he or one of his tribe has just a wee bit of a small corner in the Big BLUE BOOK we all of us worship. And how consummately proud and happy we are when we have made such match, and how the rest of our SOCIETY cackles over the happy pair, and how envy gets in its fine work on the unhappy families whose daughters have n't had the luck or good management to decoy some ENGLISHMAN in bridle cheviot into proposing, but *have* had the bad taste to marry a real and therefore low-flung American. Ah, we have a great deal of self-respect and true pride—we American ARISTOCRATS. We know our real value.

Besides all this, we have endeavored in our customs, dress, pronunciation and manner to obliterate as far as possible the dividing line between the two nations. As befits our spirit of humility, we choose to imitate ENGLAND's worst in this, not her best. We select Liverpool cads as our models for manly grace and dignity, and Manchester dowdies as patterns for our women. As we do not allow our coachman to remove his hat when he salutes us or our friends, so humble we, to please great ENGLAND, copy her most boorish manners and lamest graces. We might otherwise impress her with the idea we thought ourselves her equal.

How maddening, therefore, this imbecile uprising of the LOWER CLASSES to joyfully celebrate a day which to us is a day of blackest mourning. The first thought with all of us was: "What will ENGLAND and our ENGLISH friends think of this brutal glee?" Our second thought was to testify our disapproval by draping our doors with the cross of ST. GEORGE, and trimming our lintels with small rampant lions; but unfortunately a third thought obtruded itself, to the effect that the LOWER CLASSES might not like it. We have, you know, to affect a certain respect for the LOWER CLASSES' opinions, even if we despise their persons; for the disapproval of the LOWER CLASSES, when it takes the form of invalid eggs and other decayed missiles, is unpleasant. Our fourth thought, therefore, was best. It was to refuse to aid the LOWER CLASSES in their ill-mannered and boisterous merriment, and to refuse to deck our houses with those hated colors which call up disagreeable memories to our beloved ENGLISH friends. This we did. Several of our ENGLISH trades persons, who honor us by condescending to stay on this side of the water and make money out of us, showed their appreciation of our timely sympathy by imitating us. One firm stated that it was "not in sympathy with the movement," and another that it was "opposed to it." We should be very grateful to them for this snub to our LOWER CLASSES and to our grandfathers. It was ENGLISH to the last degree, and we should not forget to honor it.

One of our millionaires frugally forgot to hang out a banner on his outer wall. Why should he hang one out? True, the sweat of the LOWER CLASSES built his fortune, and it was under the shadow of their flag and the protection of their laws his father rose from their ranks. Besides, if he did hang one out, would it not have been a truckling to a nation, a government and sentiments which are radically and villainously opposed to us aristocrats and our pretensions? Shall we, who are doing our best to inculcate monarchical principles, pollute our thresholds with the vile emblem of universal suffrage? What would become of our pride if we did? No, no. We have to swallow a good deal of humble pie, administered by our ENGLISH friends, who ride over us rough-shod pretty often, and we can only soothe our soul by taking it out of our own LOWER CLASSES; just as our butler, when



Paterfamilias (examining candidate who has applied for position of Butler): AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?

Candidate: WELL, I HAIN'T LEFT AS YET; THE WORK IS LIGHT AND GENTEEL, BUT RATHER SOLLUM, AN' I DON'T THINK I SHOULD MIND A CHANGE.

Paterfamilias: AND WHAT ARE YOUR DUTIES, PRAY?

Candidate: I KEEPS THE MORGUE DOWN BY THE RIVER, SIR.

we have berated him in the dining-room, will descend to the kitchen and work off his injury by a scathing satire on the cook.

The same gentleman has very properly refused to loan his pictures to the horde of LOWER CLASS sympathizers, who wish to disgrace our chosen city with a statue of Liberty, which some misguided French persons, thinking we took some pride in our form of government, have offered us. What do we want with that bronze effigy? or with what it represents? or with the compliment and sympathy it expresses? Pah! If England, now, our dear, old MOTHER COUNTRY, whom we aristocrats are dreadfully sorry our grandfathers thrashed—if ENGLAND will only give us a colossal image of George III.—ah, there is something we could and would worship, gild, and sing psalms to. Why, we will guarantee, if ENGLAND will only melt down a few of her sons in this country to furnish the necessarily immense quantity

of brass, that that same Aristocrat who refused to deck his house last Monday, will every morning, while he lives, anoint the feet of the Colossus with the black paste peculiar to the country, and polish them until they dazzle the nation. Even then he would be doing no more than he did last Monday. Let GEORGE but stretch his foot and give WILLIAM a chance to get in some fine and beautiful work.

MOTTOES FOR THE MANY.

BURGLAR'S.—Go it till you're hung.

LAWYER'S.—Sue as you would be dunned by.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHES DEALER'S.—There's nothing new under the sun.

THE TEACHER'S.—The switch is father to the taught.

THE SCHOLAR'S.—It never pains but it roars.

THE GUEST'S.—None so left as those who're not here.

A TRIOLET.

AN ulster of ancient cut,
Dragged from a closet's corner.
It's cold and I'll wear it—but
An ulster of ancient cut,
With many a stain and smut,
Yet it might be much forlorn!
This ulster of ancient cut,
Dragged from a closet's corner.



"STORM BEATEN."

If the first programme of Mr. Robert Buchanan's play, at the Union Square Theatre last week, illustrated this fact: That a brilliant company of actors, vigorous and intelligent stage-management, and charming scenery can elevate a commonplace and melodramatic play to a level much above its value. Mr. Buchanan appears to have a wild desire to write dramas. Well, the desire is natural enough, and it is possessed by many excellent and virtuous persons. If these persons would only show a noble self-sacrifice by not placing their work upon the stage, we should be exceedingly grateful to them and might be induced to regard them as heroes, on a small scale. But the man who evolves a play is immediately ambitious to have his play acted, to see an audience groan in spirit over it, and to be convinced that genius, in this melancholy world, goes without its proper reward. All this bears indirectly upon Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan is a Scotchman who has written spirited and fine verse. Much of his verse is essentially dramatic. Yet he is not, on this account, a dramatist. It is one thing to have dramatic ideas; it is another thing to give shape to them. Mr. Buchanan has won wide reputation as a poet; his plays have been invariably unsuccessful. It is likely that, in ordinary conditions, "Storm Beaten" would be equally unsuccessful. But this drama has gained here some foothold of success. So much the worse, perhaps, for Mr. Buchanan, for the production of "Storm Beaten" can add no whit to his reputation, if, indeed, it does not make one reflect that an excellent poet may be a very foolish playwright. It is to be remarked that the genial and accomplished Mr. A. R. Cazauran has had his name printed among the officers of the Union Square



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Theatre as "dramatist." It will be found in the list which includes the proprietor, the manager, the scenic artist, the machinist and the prompter. An official "dramatist" is a new thing at this time. It is the business of Mr. Cazauran to hack up the works of other writers. He has done labor of this entertaining kind for Mr. Buchanan. But though Mr. Cazauran has probably done his best for "Storm Beaten," though he has even turned Mr. Buchanan's diabolical villain into a repentant sinner who walks finally in the ways of righteousness, he has accomplished but a meagre result. The play opens with the ancient story about the wrong done by a rich 'squire to a poor devil who is fortunately out of this ill world. But the widow, a son, and a daughter remain, and upon these falls the wrath of 'Squire Orchardson. There is, of course, mortgage in this case. When was there not a mortgage in any similar case? The dramatists of the nineteenth century have dealt most liberally in mortgages. The Widow Christiansen and her children are thus in a great deal of trouble. The widow, luckily, dies. It is then shown that young Orchardson, son of the 'Squire, has been the lover of Kate Christiansen. He is a very bad lover. In fact, he deserts his sweetheart and proposes to marry Priscilla Sefton. Now, Christian Christiansen, brother of Kate, proposes also to marry Priscilla. Such is the beginning of several agonizing acts, during which there is a terrible struggle between heroes and maidens and villains and icebergs. The icebergs are portentous, and there are many of them. The whole second half of the play is a display of scenery, which illustrates Mr. Buchanan's lively imagination with great fidelity. However, it is not the play which has drawn attention to the Union Square Theatre. It is the manner in which this play is exhibited and acted. The scenery painted for it by Mr. Marston is elaborate and beautiful, though somewhat ponderous for a stage which is exceptionally small. But I do not like to harp upon the scenery of a play. Scenery, at its best, is insignificant. The performance is full of charm and interest. It is an evenly balanced performance, above everything. Nothing but good work could be looked for in a cast which includes Mr. Purselle, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Stoddart, Mr. Seymour, Miss Ellsler, and Miss Harrison. These actors move together with perfect intelligence and harmony.

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A SICK friend writes to us to ascertain the shortest road to health. There are two paths—the allopathic and homoeopaths; you take your choice and pay your money.—*Boston Courier*.

MRS. FRENCH heard a terrible pounding on the stovepipe, the other day, and called to her husband to know what was the matter. "I'm only getting out my foul soot," he replied, gravely.—*Boston Times*.

IN Salt Lake City the sidewalks are twenty feet wide. This, probably, is to permit a man's widows to walk abreast instead of in couples when going to his funeral.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

The *Scientific American* makes a desperate effort to prove that wind power is cheap, in the very face of the fact that the extra session of the Pennsylvania Legislature will cost over \$500,000.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

A DETROIT man on a visit to St. Louis lost \$10,000 in cash, and rewarded the finder with a twenty-cent piece. In justice to Detroit it should be stated that the man really thought it was a quarter.—*Philadelphia Call*.

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